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CHEERFUL *
PHILOSOPHY
FOR * * *
THOUGHTFUL
INVALIDS *

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHY

FOR

THOUGHTFUL

INVALIDS

BY

WILLIAM HORATIO CLARKE

Endorsed by Clergymen, Physicians, and Philanthropists
of all Schools

Price, in limp cloth, 50 cents

E. T. CLARKE & COMPANY
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TO

THE AFFLICTED

WHO HAVE BEEN COMPELLED TO RETIRE FROM THE ACTIVITIES
OF THEIR HEALTHY FELLOW-BEINGS,
AND WHO ARE WILLING TO MAKE EFFORT TO RENDER
THEIR LIVES LESS BURDENSOME TO THEMSELVES
AND MORE USEFUL TO OTHERS,

THE FOLLOWING THOUGHTS

ARE INSCRIBED WITH SYMPATHY
AND HOPE.

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CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHY FOR THOUGHTFUL INVALIDS.

LOOKING FORWARD.

FELLOW SUFFERERS:—

As members of the family of afflicted ones, and with the sincere desire of helping and adding a few rays of comfort and hope to our imprisoned lives, we take this method of conferring with each other in the endeavor to communicate cheerful and practical thoughts which are the outgrowth of years of suffering.

Instead of burdening our minds with quotations from ancient maxims, we will try to use a rational philosophy, and ignore our past bitter experiences, hoping for the good which may yet be derived from them, so that many others may be aided from the result of trials which have been so burdensome.

Our lives were not made in vain, and they will not be failures. Instead of despairing, we may be filled with hope. The pain which we suffer is the indication of life seeking to enter and restore, whether in our mental or physical organizations.

Without referring to the causes of our affliction, whether from hereditary tendencies, accidents, or through disobedience to natural and hygienic laws, there is something for us yet to say or do which may render the influence of our lives a blessing to those with whom we are brought into contact, even though in some cases the prospects for our physical restoration may be hopeless.

As the bruising of fragrant flowers causes them to give forth a more ethereal aroma, so in our own lives, the good qualities may be brought forth by means of the afflictions which seem to press the life out of us.

The corn is ground to obtain the meal, and the wheat for the flour. The maple-tree is tapped for its sap, and the sugar-cane is crushed for its sirup and saccharine crystals. The quartz is pulverized for the gold and silver, while the ore is purified by fire.

Through such instrumentalities is the immortal nature in which our real individuality resides often developed and made useful, and it is thus saved from the changes incident to the disorganization of the physical body; for we exist as individuals, independent of the apparently adverse conditions of the earthly frame.

The object for which we were created is the development and attainment of a true character in which every virtue shall prevail; and such a character must be ours, notwithstanding our frail physical constitutions. The virtues are developed through trials and temptations. Honesty is proved by not yielding to fraud, deceit, and dishonesty. Purity is developed

through the combat when immoral temptations are resisted, and patience is attained through the long endurance of suffering.

To those of us who are confined to the boundaries of our rooms, so familiar with every crack in the ceiling overhead, and are weary of forming faces and new patterns from the outlines of the figured wall-paper, it is impossible to realize that we are journeying through space on a revolving earth at the rate of nearly seventy thousand miles an hour. Yet we are travelling onward daily and yearly toward the object for which we were created, which, through every hindrance, will certainly be accomplished, as surely as the earth revolves on its axis through its orbit, bringing the annual New Year, — notwithstanding the many mistakes which we have made.

We are not to look backward, and lament the dead things of the foolish past. Our work is before us, yet to be accomplished; and the errors we made were simply stepping-stones in our ascent, to reveal to us not only our weaknesses and infirmities, but to guide us to the Source of life and strength.

We who so deeply feel our helplessness do not need to be taught that our lives are not our own, and that we do not exist from any law or power in and of ourselves; for we feel our dependence upon the Infinite Life from whom we came, in whom we exist, and to whom we are returning, as recipients of the Divine Influence.

George Osborne was a brilliant pianist and professional musician. While on a concert tour in the West, he was the victim of a fearful railway collision in which his spine was so injured that the lower half of his body was paralyzed for life, with the prospect of surviving for many years. It was thought best that he should become the permanent inmate of a large hospital, where he could receive the best of professional care without his feeling that he might be a burden to others.

It was a hard blow for such a healthy and active young man to surrender all his musical ambition and hope of prosperity ; but when he realized the inevitable condition of his earthly future, he began to develop heroic qualities. Instead of repining at his lot, he studied every way to devise some method by which he could utilize his talents in benefiting the other inmates of the institution to which he had been assigned.

He possessed a voice of rare beauty, and his affliction did not deprive him of the power of singing. He determined to use that one talent in a direction which would make him helpful to his fellow-sufferers.

So he was moved from ward to ward, and daily beguiled the painful hours of the other invalids. He sang comforting songs and hymns of hope to those around him, and not only thus kept his lungs in healthy exercise, but took delight in looking forward to years of usefulness in helping his feeble companions to make the best of their misfortunes. Many were the fainting souls who became courageous when they crossed the

stream to the great beyond, listening to the tones of that rich voice blending with their vanishing spirits.

Not only was his voice a comforter in song, but he so strove to forget his own trials that he cheered the discouraged ones with brave words of hope and trust born from his own experiences, and stimulated his despairing listeners with strength as they were led to look forward.

Thus, instead of living an artificial life built upon the adulations of a heartless public, his career developed into a noble and true life of blessing, which, instead of being lost in despair, was one of constant and cheerful growth.

PERSONAL MAGNETISM.

PERSONAL magnetism is the good influence which we exert upon others through the exercise of self-control. The tendency of mental or bodily afflictions is to cause one to become irritable and complaining, a condition which we must overcome.

It requires constant effort to obtain sufficient self-control to withhold expressions of irritation when in poor health, and to supplant their place with smiles. But in the forced effort to look pleasant and speak gently, we shall be taking steps upward toward the suppression of peevish utterances and signs of fretfulness.

When we give expression to our irritable feelings,

the influence emanating therefrom is harmful upon those on whom we are dependent for so many needful attentions. It is not an easy task for a well person to be constantly in the society of a complaining invalid, and fretful words are sometimes resented as unkind and unappreciative on the part of the one for whom irksome attendance is being rendered. Selfishness is just as much a fault with invalids as with those who are in good health.

No good is accomplished by complaining, and craving for a sympathy which cannot be given. Only those who have experienced kindred suffering can extend sincere commiseration. It is harmful to continually turn one's thoughts upon self, and make that self the chief topic of conversation.

It feeds pain to think and speak of it, and to tell the same old story over and over to well persons who cannot understand it. Instead of enlisting compassion, it causes repulsion and the loss of heartfelt friendship, and that personal magnetism by which we may aid others.

No one has a sincere desire to call upon and converse with a grumbler who is constantly alluding to symptoms and aches. Constant complaining drives away sympathetic companionship, and is the opposite state from self-control.

We are not classing ourselves among those who are passing through the crises of acute disease with its paroxysms of pain, or its comatose state; but we belong to the multitude of those who, although helpless to

engage in the busy ways of the world, and are in forced retirement, possess ample time for the exercise of that self-control which will endue us with a positive influence for good in the upbuilding of character.

For the formation of character consists in conquering all that is evil and false in our natures ; not in surrendering the selfhood of our individuality, but in turning it to a good use. An invalid has just as much of a character to develop as a stalwart athlete, and has as much selfishness to subdue as though brought into conflict with the strife of the business world. Therefore there is plenty of work to be done in this direction ; and we have an excellent opportunity to examine the motive of each word and action before giving it utterance or expression.

The object of this self-control is to enable us to exert a good influence upon others, and it is a process which will never have a termination. There is not a person who visits us, but whom we may be able to help in a way which the occasion may indicate.

We are not to assume sanctimonious faces and utter cant phrases, but we should enter into whatever interests our friends concerning their own lives, where we can help them the most. When they call upon us from motives of kindness, we can meet them half-way, by giving out from our own lives something which will strengthen them, and lead them to visit us again.

We may be able to exert such a helpful influence that they will always depart with lighter hearts, and with greater faith in the quiet and conservative prin-

ciples which actuate our motives, which are founded upon that spirit of love by which the world is made better.

Friendship is based upon a reciprocal influence. The exercise of a loving spirit creates an affection in return, and we must say those good and true things to others which we would like to have them say to us.

While we are conscious of possessing no self-derived faculties, and do not originate anything, the power to exercise this self-control is given to each of us, and we are not to passively await its quickening impulses. We are gifted with the ability to use these powers as our own, just as though we were the originators.

This ability belongs to our individuality, and in the exercise of it there is no danger of our becoming self-righteous ; while we inwardly perceive that Divine help is always in the endeavor to actuate us if we will use the power which is so freely given, — the power to think, speak, and act rightly.

Fifteen years ago, Mary Atherton was engaged to be married to a prosperous merchant. She had a bright and cheerful temperament which was infectious, and her charitable duties culminated in visiting the sick and in ministering to their wants.

One morning, as she was passing through a squalid part of the city, a little colored boy was playing in the street, unconscious of a runaway team which was rapidly approaching. Forgetful of self, she sprang to the child in season to rescue it from destruction, but was

too late to escape almost fatal injury to herself. She was knocked down by the horses ; and the wheels passed over her in such a way that the hip-joint was broken beyond the possibility of its union, and since that time she has not had a wakeful hour without severe pain.

Here was a sudden change in all her plans of life. Instead of affluency and the enjoyments of refinement, she was obliged to spend all her days in reclining upon a couch, or in being carefully moved in a special wheel-chair upon which this lounge could be lifted.

But her true life did not desert her. After some of her general strength returned, she determined to make the best use of her time in blessing others. Recognizing her dependence, she acquiesced in this condition as something which she could not help, and did not murmur, accepting every attention with a gratitude which warmed the hearts of her friends. The only thing she could do with her hands was to knit, in which she became very skilful. By means of an adjustable book-rack, she had her reading-matter placed in good position.

Her memory was very retentive ; and she filled her mind with the most inspiring thoughts of the best writers, and determined not to allow her nature to succumb to her apparent adverse circumstances. Her mind became so infused with helpful thoughts that she found words of instruction and encouragement for every person who visited her. She chose her expressions to meet the different mental states of the individuals, studying their minds, and judiciously adapting her

advice. She had plenty of despairing companions who poured their trials and sorrows into her ears. But she sent them all away with sound and practical counsel, not with weak ephemeral sentiment, but with plain truths, because her opinions were respected.

She was always cheerful, conquering all manifestations of her own pain, furnishing a powerful example to those who so freely overwhelmed her with their petty complaints. She did not attain this influence without struggling to control herself, and it was not a spontaneous manifestation ; but, relying upon the vital principles which had been inculcated in her religious education, she thus proved their real potency when applied to her own condition.

Such was the happy influence emanating from her life of pain and affliction that her presence was sought for in many homes, where she was given every attention ; in return for which a holy influence pervaded the households which were blessed with her personal magnetism. Her life-work yet continues as a heavenly benediction to all who are so highly favored with the companionship of this consecrated sufferer.

A CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHER.

(This chapter is taken by permission from the story of the development of a musical artist, entitled "The Organist's Retrospect.")

JUST prior to my withdrawal from my last position as organist, I made a short visit to Dulham, the scene

of my early days. I had not seen my old friend Alfred Vane for many years; and although I had been informed that he was an invalid, I was not aware of how powerless one's physical condition could exist, while the mind could be exercised with more than usual clearness, until I now had the opportunity of witnessing it.

After my interview with him, I resolved never to complain of my own condition, but to patiently bear what trials I might be called upon to undergo, while my life should become purified through needed discipline, and while my faith in the Divine Providence should be strengthened, a condition which is of slow development, and not instantaneous with the first perception.

In his boyhood Alfred was inclined to be sceptical in regard to spiritual influences, but now he was filled with trust and a childlike faith. But how did I find him?

As I entered his cheerful parlor on the first floor, I observed a short bed upon wheels. It was short, because the knees of my old friend were drawn up beneath him.

Every joint in his body had become ossified excepting the first joint of one of the fingers of his right hand, which he was only able to move half an inch in pressing upon an electrical push-button which rested under that finger.

In every other respect he was utterly immovable from his own will-power, excepting the muscles of his lips and tongue, by which he was able to converse.

Even his jaws were so firmly set that two of his lower front teeth had been extracted, so as to admit the insertion of a rubber tube through which he was supplied with nourishment.

The exterior nerves of his body were so sensitive that the bed-clothing was kept from immediate contact by being supported with semicircular hoops. In addition to this helpless condition, he had become totally blind; but his sense of hearing remained acute, and his well-educated mind was in the fullest exercise of thought and memory, so that he had dictated many an article for the papers and scientific magazines.

At his head an electric fan was revolving to give him currents of air filled with the fragrance of the flowers standing on the little table near by. His faithful wife was always near at hand to answer the summons of that feeble finger, while his loving daughter devoted her time to reading him books of his choice, and the daily news of the world, besides recording the articles dictated by him. I found that he delighted in the companionship of intelligent friends, and was seldom wearied by sensible conversation.

He recognized me at once by the sound of my voice.

"Ah, my good old Ernest, I am glad that you thought of me!"

I told him that I was sorry to find him in such a condition.

"Oh, well, Ernest, I long ago ceased to be sorry for what I couldn't help, and sometimes things are not so bad as they seem!"

I asked him if he rebelled any when this affliction seized him.

"Yes, I guess I did! I did just as any other man would do. I fought it with every means at command; and the more I fought it, the more it encroached. I feared from the first that there was no hope, but I could not give up my activity without a struggle. I became an inmate of hospitals under the most intelligent treatment with no avail, because the nature of this disease is aggressive to the end."

"How long have you lain in the present condition?"

"Twelve years. At first I moved about with crutches until I could not move them on account of the arm and shoulder joints becoming fixed, after depending on them for eight years, making twenty years since I was forced to give up the active duties of life."

"And do you find yourself yet tempted to rebel?"

"Not now. I have learned not to fight that which is inevitable; and I am not inclined to utter words of complaint, because my condition would not be mended, and it would only grieve those kind hearts whose thoughtful and uncomplaining devotion solaces my daily life. They are so devoted that I often feel that they are having the worst of it."

I suppose that I must have been anticipating my own adverse circumstances when I asked him, —

"Have you been troubled about financial matters?"

"Yes, I was greatly troubled at the beginning, and was filled with anxiety for the means of support of those who were dependent upon me, as I felt that I

was to be deprived of the ability to earn my living. But a way was provided for our maintenance through my wife obtaining a few select boarders, until I became helpless, when I found support from a pension fund which had been generously left for incurables."

"Then, money matters give you no concern now?"

"No, not in the least. My personal needs are few, and long ago I learned not to desire anything which I could not have or make use of. Every man in the world will be taken care of while he is here, which may be set down as a philosophical axiom. The major part of our anxieties and disappointments come from wanting things which we cannot have, the possession of which would doubtless be of injury to us."

"Then you actually have a contented mind, even in your condition?"

"Why not? As a man, I yet retain all the mental faculties which constitute manhood. My wants are all supplied; and I am only to patiently await further developments in regard to life, for you know I now am a sincere believer in evolution in regard to things of the spirit. While I cannot see or handle external things, my mental eye sees vividly all things which are described, and all things which I formerly saw. I know by actual proof what it is to have true friends, and I have been forced to turn my mind to a realm of thought where life seems more real than when I was so active among others."

"Have you any dread of the future?"

"I have no fear now. That was a bitter experience

of the past. I have been led to continually say, 'He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.' To me life is one eternal now, whether in or out of the body. This imprisonment is but a transient condition. This body is fast wearing out. After this lonesome finger shall succumb to its destiny, the heart will soon after cease to beat, without any warning; but I fear that event no more than one going to sleep after the weary labor of a day."

"Do you look upon your affliction as punishment for wrong-doing?"

"No! It is a bodily condition which could not have been averted, and it is not a punishment for disobedience on my part to any law. We are descended from millions and millions of ancestors, and inherit their tendencies in physical infirmities, as well as in mental traits, because the seed of the human race is imperfect. While we must recognize this law of heredity, and suffer for things in which we are not to blame, yet we experience no affliction which is needless; and we may rejoice that physical pain is confined to this life, and that it will soon be over with all of us."

"What do you think is the object of this discipline?"

"I think that the object of all discipline is our emancipation from things which are false, and which obstruct our higher development. The object of all punishment is reformatory, in order that we may be led from a lower to a higher state. When, in the evolution of the spirit, our motives have been purified, and we are being led by holy influences, our punishment will cease, and

therefore it cannot be eternal. The very thought that there will constantly be more to know, more to attain, and more to do with the talents given us, will fill our lives with eternal happiness."

"Then, you do not fret about the affairs of this life?"

"I have no occasion to be fretful or anxious about anything. I am conscious that we were all created for a higher life, and that every true ideal will have its fulfilment. I do not desire wealth for myself, because it would not benefit my condition. I venture to say that my mind has more contentment and enjoyment than any man who is battling with the world for riches which cannot be taken beyond the grave."

"From what you have said, I judge that you now firmly believe that there is a hereafter?"

"My dear old Ernest! that brings to mind the talks we used to have in the old churchyard. Well, I cannot say that it is a matter of belief with me, because belief must be founded upon an experimental knowledge. But I have now a sincere opinion and deep intuition that our life here in this lowly condition is but the beginning of the real life upon which we are to enter when we shall be released from material environments. My faintest conception of this higher realm of existence is too exalted to be described in language. This thought sustains me, and gives me the hope that, in the few short years of my earthly deprivations, I have met with no loss by the exercise of patience. It is a great comfort to me to feel that no event takes

place by blind chance, but has a meaning for our welfare."

"What about your religious opinions?"

"I have not forgotten, Ernest, those old times in the church spire when you thought me an infidel because I did not walk in your footsteps! I don't believe, from your questions, that you held to those opinions in after years. You know I was always a kind of philosopher in those days, whether it was in religion, science, or music. When this affliction came upon me, this philosophic faculty was used to good advantage in leading my thoughts to the Divine Source of all things, and I have had a splendid opportunity for reflection and meditation. My opinions are founded upon those eternal principles which have actuated the motives of every good man since the advent of humanity, concerning which there never will be any controversy. Without giving them a sectarian name, I feel that I belong to the church universal; and from the sphere which emanates from your presence, my dear Ernest, we are brothers in spirit."

I assured him of our spiritual brotherhood, and briefly related how I had been led, which gave him great delight. As a final question connected with this vein of thought, I asked him if his present condition ever rendered him morbid or unhappy, to which he replied:—

"I think not. Morbidity arises from thinking too much of one's self, and lamenting conditions of which the best must be made. All men have trials peculiar

to their own lives. Happiness is not a condition to strive for. The possession of the things of this world does not afford it; nor does the ability to use every joint in the body give peace to the mind. Happiness is a mental state arising from the endeavor to make the best use of any condition in which we may be placed, even under the most adverse circumstances. It is a condition of mind which fills us with a trust that, in each event of our lives, there is a Guiding Hand, ordering everything for our spiritual good, causing us to find rest in that peaceful haven where we are sheltered from all harm."

After this conversation upon the lessons of our afflictions, which were so practically illustrated in his case, we reviewed many incidents of early days. Then he asked if I would take his violin, and play some of the old melodies in which we used to delight in our duets, which I did until it was time to depart, when he thanked me over and over again for remembering him, and for recalling the musical visions of our youth.

As I looked upon his placid face for the last time, I resolved that, if I should be called upon to endure a similar experience, of which my own lameness was indicative, I would try and imitate his holy example.

It was not long after when I received a letter from his daughter, informing me that the electric bell had ceased to sound, and that dear, patient, suffering Alfred Vane had vanished, leaving the blessing of his sacred influence as a consolation in their bereavement.

In the old cemetery of Dulham, beneath the shade of an evergreen arbor-vitæ, the mortal frame of my old playmate was laid away in a lot adjoining the grave of one of the most distinguished statesmen of the early Republic, — a friend of Washington, — where the unmolested birds carol their melodies in the summer-time, and where, week after week, and year after year, the deep tones of the organ in the ivy-clad church still send forth their rumbling waves over the hallowed ground. But the lessons from the life of this cheerful philosopher, who bore the title of “Old Accurate” in his youthful days, will continue their instruction through another generation.

A CHRONIC GRUMBLER.

NOT far away there lives a nervous invalid who is greatly to be pitied. She is not confined to her bed, but is up and around the house. She has a kind husband and one dear, sensitive boy twelve years of age. She says that she has not seen a well day since she was overworked in her mother's home when a girl.

If you try to sympathize with her, and inquire into the nature of her affliction, she will tell you that there is hardly a disease which she has not had, and that she is suffering from a complication of them all, especially with heart failure and nervous prostration. If she hears of a person stricken down with a disease which

terminates fatally, she asserts that she has had that trouble much worse than the departed one ever experienced. Her reading is confined to medical works and pathological books, and nothing gives her greater offence than to tell her how well she looks.

She visits every advertising specialist in the city, returning with numerous packages of medicines and new forms of disease, and the top of her kitchen stove is filled with varied decoctions warranted to drive away all symptoms. Her patient husband pays heavy bills for the attendance of healers, clairvoyants, and a host of "pathics," hoping for alleviation of the many aches and pains of which he is continually hearing.

She is cross and fretful to him. If he buys her a present, it is always found fault with; and there is no comfort in return for all the good-will manifested toward her. She complains that the neighbors care nothing for her, — that not a person living in the same street calls to see her, or has any sympathy for one so ill as she is. She blames her minister for not making more frequent pastoral calls, and says that he is a man of no heart. She turns in antagonism against every doctor who does not immediately cure her, and no physician of good professional standing desires to give her medical attendance.

When any one pays her a short visit, all other persons known to both are soundly berated for their faults and shortcomings, so that the sphere of her life is extremely unpleasant; and unless there is a change for the better, her departure will not be lamented.

But worst of all, she scolds her little son all the time he is in her presence, one of the most delicate and affectionate natures ever created, and accuses him of every ill deed she can imagine to humiliate him, blaming him for everything as though he was seeking to injure her. She tells him that he will be the cause of her death, and pictures to him the remorse which he will suffer through the remainder of his life when he sees her lying cold and dead in her coffin, — driving him to his lonely room, where he weeps in despair, wondering if his trials will ever cease.

This is a true portrait of one whose mind is turned only on self. She talks only of herself and her own imaginary troubles, and never expresses any interest in the welfare of others. She seems to rejoice at the misfortunes of others, and is filled with jealousy at the prosperity and good health of her acquaintances. While in good circumstances, she is always fearing poverty, and that her days will end in the poor-house, living in constant dread of some impending danger.

This sad state of chronic invalidism has been fostered by continually giving way to selfish thoughts and considerations; and the hope is that there may yet be opportunity for her to begin the exercise of self-control, in the absence of which she has rendered herself miserable, and a burden instead of a help to others.

She must begin by not thinking of herself, and talking about her own trials. She must make an effort to rise out of self, and treat her acquaintances with consideration. It will be no easy task to turn from such

a selfish routine, which has made her life thus far a trial instead of a blessing. Perhaps only some dire affliction will arouse her, and reveal her real condition to herself.

If she could begin and interest herself in the welfare of her fellow-sufferers, and those immediately around her, she would be so helped that there would be an improvement in her nervous debility. She has in her mental organization all those latent qualities which will cause her to become a noble woman, and surround her with loving friends.

It is not too late for this healthful reformation to be accomplished, if she will recognize her condition as others have thus far been impressed with the baneful influence of her life; but at present it would do her no good, nor strengthen us, to seek an interview with her. Yet we would rejoice to learn that this unhappy woman had been led to a condition of self-control and usefulness which many who are suffering with real afflictions are endeavoring to exercise for the good of humanity.

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Since the foregoing description was written, that dear boy has been taken from all his earthly trials, and the complaining mother has been awakened to her own condition with a sorrow which only time can heal. In mourning his loss she only blames herself as the cause of his sorrows, and she is earnestly seeking how the remainder of her days may be turned to blessing, and atone for the grievous mistakes of the past.

THE OCEAN PILOT.

WHEN we journey across the Atlantic, we place our lives in the care of the captain of the steamer, in the expectation of arriving safely on the other side. We have absolute confidence that he understands the nature of the winds, the various currents, and the tides, the shoals and rocks, and how to pilot the vessel through the most violent storms.

We have faith that he knows the strength of the ship, the reliability of the machinery, and that the rudder will obey the wheel. We have no doubt of his caution in running through banks of fog, or in steering clear of icebergs, nor of his skill in avoiding collisions. When darkness settles down over the face of the deep, mysterious waters, we betake ourselves to our berths, and sleep without fear.

We do not continually run to the captain and ask him why he does this, or why he does not do that. We believe that he knows all the ropes, that he understands his charts and the deviations of the compass; and we do not daily reproach him with the fear that we shall never arrive in port. If we should spend each hour of the voyage in fretting and worrying about these matters which we do not understand, he will yet guide the ship safely into anchorage without our aid, notwithstanding our making ourselves and everybody else uncomfortable. Our distrust would not affect the captain nor make him unfaithful, but it would simply

react upon ourselves, and bring us into an inharmonious condition in relation to the laws of order.

In the voyage of life, when we are filled with fear and anxiety, we forget that we are in the guidance of the Captain of the Universe, who is sailing our vessel to a sure port. Through this Divine Guidance the little birds are fed, and their wants are all supplied while they are taught to provide for themselves and their young. The same Power causes the flowers to grow in their delicate beauty, each species according to its order.

When we look up at the starry heavens, we have learned that the movements of all the suns and planets are guided by the same Being, and that there will be no deviation of a single star from its unerring course. The myriad of worlds do not crash together because they are subject to the laws of the universe ; much less shall we be engulfed in the abyss of destruction.

But we frail, finite creatures often attempt to take the helm out of the hands of the Divine Pilot, and try to mark out our own course on the ocean of uncertainty. We desire to see and be in the port before land is in sight, and grasp the events of the hidden future. But we soon get into storms and fogs, and are driven upon the rocks of despair and distrust, still trying to hold on to the helm, until we are made aware of our ignorance and feebleness.

Afflictions never injure the true germ of life which is latent within the inner nature. Through trials the test of mechanical work is proved, whether it will be serviceable for its requirements. Through our trials

we are led to perceive that in this voyage of life there is a Guiding Hand; and when we learn to trust our course to this leading, our lives will be filled with peace, and in due time we shall arrive in that haven for which we were created, and where our future work is to be done.

This peace and trust will come to all of us who resign our lives to the Great Captain, who knows and provides for all our needs, and then we shall begin to see the nature of our distrust.

It is true that pain and inactivity both tend to turn the mind solely upon one's self; and here is the first work of a valetudinarian, to study how to think of and help those who are outside of our own narrow selves, and put it into practice. This very effort will be useful in restoring a normal condition of the mental and physical circulation, and it will aid in banishing our distrust and the power of the rule of fear.

The fear of what?

The fear of not being able to do just as our self-will pleases in marking out our own course, instead of that childlike state of trust in Him who guides.

Let us suppose now that, on account of a fierce storm which is raging, our captain sends down word that, for our safety and best good, it will be wise for us to remain in our staterooms and berths until all danger is over. Shall we foolishly murmur, and hasten to rush on deck where the angry waves will wash us overboard into the destructive waters? Such a state of fear recalls the words of the old song:—

“ Oh, Pilot, 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep ;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep.
' Go down ! ' the captain cried, ' Go down !
This is no place for thee ;
Fear not ! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be. ' ”

We are only passengers in this voyage, and our present duty is to obey the orders which are indicated for our welfare. The planets of the universe are not running wild in their orbits ; and our lives are of such importance that the vessel will not founder, for the Pilot is guiding, whether we are conscious of his presence or not, and we shall safely arrive in that country for which we have so long been preparing, and where our ideals will be realized.

UNPATENTED MEDICINE.

WE all have received the religious instruction best adapted to our needs, in which we have been taught our dependence upon a higher Power, from whom our lives originate and are sustained, and also our plain and constant duty to our fellow-beings. We have, therefore, only to live up to the truth we know, in order to obtain a clearer view of our life-work. Truth itself is ancient, because it is founded upon an eternal

basis, and there is nothing to fear when it is revealed to the mind in any form.

The fundamental principles of science have always existed ; and when new forms are needed in their application for our use, the revelation of previously hidden mysteries is often startling. But in the plain matters of fact which concern the sustainment of the physical body, there is nothing new to be told, because it must constantly be supplied with those elements of which it is composed. We have only to make use of what we already know, and apply that knowledge in our efforts toward recuperation.

Through detrimental experimenting with drugs and medicines upon themselves, chronic invalids know their general inefficacy by bitter experience.

What we term Nature is an external manifestation in the material world of laws which are Divine, according to which all vegetable and animal life exists. The law of nature in our physical bodies is in the constant effort to sustain and restore us to health and make us whole, through proper diet, pure air, and such exercise as we are able to perform.

There is nothing new in the selection of the most nourishing food, nor in the breathing of wholesome air ; but there is great vitality and means of restoration in the case of every invalid through the systematic deep breathing of the purest air to which we have access.

There is nothing new in the statement that the blood receives a large percentage of oxygen and nourishment from the inhalation of the lungs, and that

much of the impurities are carried away in the process of exhalation; in order to accomplish which the air-cells must all be filled through the entire lung surface.

In the case of a chronic invalid, it requires determined, systematic, and persistent effort in the practice of deep voluntary breathing, to cause a better circulation of the blood and aid in bringing about a condition of hope and cheerfulness.

In order that the mind shall be in the best state to co-operate with this physical effort, it will be needful to attain an internal recognition of our reliance in all things upon the Divine Power from whom all things originate, as a fundamental principle in our restoration. This perception will relieve us from all anxiety in regard to the affairs of this life and of the realm beyond, because it will give us a trust that all the events of our existence will be orderly governed; and this will free our minds from fear, worry, and anxiety.

A simple method of cultivating the physical exercise of breathing in the open air, or with fresh air in our rooms, is to make a special effort for five minutes each hour of the day, breathing through the nose, *with the mouth closed*: —

Slowly fill the lungs, occupying from four to six seconds, breathing from the diaphragm. While holding the breath four seconds, slowly raise the arms to their full height, which will aid in filling the air-cells of the upper part of the lungs. Then occupy eight seconds in exhaling the air, while slowly lowering the arms. (Seconds may be measured by suspending a string thirty-

nine inches long, attached to a small weight for a pendulum.)

In less than five minutes the blood will be felt with increased warmth and circulation in the hands and fingers as an immediate evidence of the benefit of this practical exercise. If the invalid has strength enough to rise upon the toes, or the ball of the foot, in this exercise, it will aid much in circulating the blood through the whole system.

This natural medicine will be more beneficial in imparting strength if it leads to a habit of deeper breathing through all the hours of the day. Such a systematic practice of deep breathing requires the exercise of more energetic persistence than many chronic invalids are willing to expend, because they have so long given themselves up to inactivity and despair. But with this method of attempting to regain a better state of health, new hope will begin to fill the mind with that cheerfulness which is so essential toward restoration, in spite of many set-backs and days of discouragement.

In regard to diet, every valetudinarian realizes what best agrees with the digestive organs; and the stomach should never be surfeited, as a matter of temperance. A glass of warm water half an hour before each meal will prepare the stomach for the reception of nutritious food.

This method cannot fail to prove itself beneficial if there is the least possible chance for restoration; and in the case of the hopelessly lame and paralytic, it will result in a better condition of general health if persist-

ently followed, without the need of any other medicine, excepting in the case where acute disease requires the attendance of an educated and experienced physician.

By means of this method of restoration the life of a friend has been saved for future usefulness. Years since, after successive financial losses and discouragements, he became greatly debilitated, and his life was quite given up. He was seized with a continual pain in his joints, and became so helpless that he relinquished all interest in the affairs of life. At last he was led to attempt this method, not as anything new, but as a system which appealed to his rational philosophy and common sense.

From a deathly pallor in his countenance the better circulation of the blood soon gave his face a ruddy color. He began to lose his pessimistic ideas. Hope took the place of doubt. The pain ceased in his joints. His mind became more active, and by persistently following the course, he is to-day a changed man, looking forward to a life of usefulness for many years to come.

In the use of this unpatented medicine, which is freely at hand for all who are willing to make trial of its efficacy, the following rules will be helpful in the restoration of health :—

- I. A trust in the Divine Providence.
- II. The habitual practice of deep voluntary breathing of pure air, with such exercise as is possible.

- III. The temperate use of nutritious food and the observance of general hygienic laws.
 - IV. The cultivation of a cheerful spirit and thoughtfulness for the welfare of others.
-

THE BLESSINGS OF RETIREMENT.

ALTHOUGH we were once active in the tumultuous affairs of the outside world, we have learned to live and think in the world of our individuality, apart from the strife and struggle incident to daily contact with business affairs; and perhaps we have been victorious in the many conflicts between our dual internal and external natures.

We have learned to be contented with what is given us as our daily portion. We have been taught not to desire what we cannot possess. If we have learned the lesson of self-control and trust in the Divine Providence, we have been graduated from the domain of anger and anxiety, and are not disturbed by the false and heartless ways of the external world.

Our journeys abroad are in the world of imagination, where for the time being we live in an ideal and enjoyable realm, free from the discomforts of travel, the homelessness of hotel-life, and the disagreeable part of railway and steamship journeying.

When we read books, or hear them read to us, we have the power of so concentrating our thoughts upon

the scenes and characters depicted that we are taken away from our homely surroundings, and are rich in the possession of the ideas of the author. We can mentally see the mountains and valleys, rivers and lakes, flowers and architecture, presented to view. We also become friends with the lovely characters which are pictured, and turn from the evil portrayed.

We enjoy the kind visits and words of those who call upon us and open their vistas of experience to us; and we find refreshment in the contact with other minds, both by personal relationship and in books.

We are absolved from the financial cares of the business world, and the artificial ways of conventional society. In fact, we are living our true lives in the formation of character, and our motives are better understood by others.

Should we be restored to that better health and activity for which we are hoping, we have learned how to make a better use of our lives than before we were afflicted.

We have learned our entire dependence upon the Life which sustains us, and our appreciation and need of the attention of others, which we shall be willing to give to the afflicted. If we are inmates of a hospital, we are thankful for this charitable provision for our wants, and need have no fear for our earthly future. Our discomforts will be alleviated by every known means of palliation.

We have only to be patient. And what is patience? It is a state of resignation and trust based upon a

hope that all will be well with us, and that the high object for which we were created will surely be attained. Let us keep this elevating thought ever before our minds, knowing that each pang and spasm will be one less until we shall be entirely absolved from such physical conditions.

The resignation of despair must not be mistaken for the virtue of patience. Despair is somewhat commingled with our own pride and obstinacy. Disappointment is the result of our not being resigned to the Divine Guidance.

It is an old doctrine handed down through the wisdom of the ages, that all our wants are provided for without our exercising the least anxiety, if we but do that duty which is presented to us each day.

We cannot sing soprano and alto at the same time, and are only responsible for the notes which are assigned to us. If we sing our part correctly, it will blend with the other voices.

We have nothing to fret or worry about. This old doctrine of the Divine Providence has not been relegated to the archives of an obsolete theology. It is as fresh as the rays of the morning sun in its beneficent healing of all our troubles and sorrows. In truth, if we make it a portion of our lives, we shall not have troubles and sorrows, for we shall feel that the solution of each event of our progress will be for good and not evil.

This is the great lesson of patience, and will prove that we are overflowing with blessings. It teaches us

that there is nothing to fear, and that the result will be peace and good-will. It will lead us to breathe deeply of that atmosphere which is filled with the spirit of love, and banish doubt and fear.

Thus shall we experience the blessings of that retirement into which we have been led, and through such a cheerful philosophy be better fitted to do our part to-day, which will prepare us for that morrow which is always to come.

AT REST.

THE prospect of rest is sweet to one who is in pain, or who is weary with incessant labor. But the object of rest is not the final cessation of activity. Its real meaning is recuperation for a better continuation of our work. If we can fill our minds with this helpful thought, we may be able to look at our forced retirement as a state of repose in which the activities of our lives are preparing for more useful work than in the days of the past.

Perhaps such a statement seems hard and unsympathetic. But what is true sympathy?

It is that consoling advice which leads us to exert all the effort in our power to put ourselves in the best condition to help others. When this idea shall take possession of our motives, such renewed life will begin to enter our thoughts to such an extent that if we should be tempted to complain and tell of our temporary ills,

we would feel such a mental vacancy that our mouths would be closed.

True sympathy for a poor man, instead of lamenting over his condition of poverty, seeks to provide him with such employment as will alleviate his wants ; and the motive for presenting these thoughts emanates from the desire to provide nourishing food for those who are faint, weary, and discouraged.

There are many who have passed through, and are yet passing through, these experiences of affliction, who are living with cheerful faces, and whose presence is a delight to their friends ; for it is a state which it is possible to attain.

When we look upon the picture of a beautiful face, in which patience, trust, and peace are delineated, we so unconsciously absorb those virtues that our internal features seem to be transformed into that same countenance while we are meditating upon these qualities.

So those who have entered into that rest into which they have been led through suffering and disappointment, have also become living pictures which influence the lives of other sufferers in recognizing the usefulness and blessings of affliction, so that they may also be transfigured by the same process of development.

They are those who are not looking forward to a lugubrious funeral service, and are not thinking of that material rest which is typified by the grave. They are not speculating with abstractions concerning a realm beyond, which can only be spoken of by using figurative language ; but they are anticipating the develop-

ment and culmination of all their cherished ideals, which will not be ruthlessly swept away and demolished, although now obscured by clouds.

The Life which gave us being has only blessings in store for us, in the form best adapted to our capacities for blessing others. We are subject to laws of order, both in our physical and mental natures; and our pains and trials are but the working of these violated laws to bring our bodies and spirits into order.

No event in the material or spiritual world is the result of chance or iron fate. Each raindrop which comes from above is guided by the same Hand which created the life of the universe, and each globule performs the use for which it was formed. Not a crystalized snowflake flies through the air to rest upon the earth by a hap-hazard destiny, but each fits into its place through obedience to laws which are divine.

When we observe the care bestowed upon the most minute forms which need the revelation which the microscope affords, can we doubt the loving influence which continually envelopes every event of our lives?

When we realize this watchfulness over all our ways, in the endeavor to help us out of our imperfections toward the highest life of which we are capable, then shall we be at rest from the troublesome things which are only temporary in their relation to our progress, in the attainment of every virtue which we conceive to be the attributes of an angelic life.

With such a hope, let us take courage each day, and look above our burdens, with the perception that the

right use of each hour of affliction is a part of the needful preparation and recuperation to bring us into that realm of thought and life for which we were created, where we shall experience true rest in that state of usefulness and peace which good men call HEAVEN.

THE
ORGANIST'S RETROSPECT:

An Autobiography

OF

ERNEST ONSLOW, Mus.D.

*ILLUSTRATING THE DEVELOPMENT OF A
MUSICAL ARTIST*

"Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies."

BY

WILLIAM HORATIO CLARKE

E. T. CLARKE,
READING, MASS., U.S.A.

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“In 1871 he removed to Dayton, Ohio, where he was superintendent of musical instruction in the public schools, and afterwards to Indianapolis, Ind., where he was organist of one of the influential churches.

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